

Guide to Life.

No. XIX.

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FONTHILL ABBEY.

ASSASSINATION—COUR D'ASSIZES DES BASSES PYRENEES.—Jacques Hourquebie exercised the humble offices of garde-champêtre and garde-forestier with rigorous integrity. The zeal with which he performed his duty excited the hatred of all marauders. There was one in particular, who regarded him with a feeling of implacable resentment: this one was the accused, Mathieu Labuig, a man of a violent and passionate character and great bodily strength.

Jacques Hourquebie, it should be remarked, was deformed, and of a slight make, and oppressed with infirmities which rendered every movement of his body slow and painful.

Mathieu Labuig, the accused, wearied with the constant watchfulness of the garde, which formed a continual obstacle to his marauding propensities, and irritated by an imprisonment which he had undergone for the space of three years, ceased not to utter the most horrible menaces against Hourquebie.

Fifteen witnesses deposed as to the threats uttered. "They will not kill that wretch," said Labuig, speaking of Hourquebie. "How I should like to cut off his hump with my bill-hook—what delight to crush him between two millstones." On one occasion he actually pre-

dicted the manner of his death, saying he ought to be killed with the bill-hook and thrown in the mill-dam. "Ah! if I could find him between the dog and the wolf" (parts of the mill which are called *chien* and *loup*). On one occasion last summer, the prisoner offered forty francs to a witness to detain the garde at a cabaret until night, that he, the prisoner, might have the opportunity of meeting him on his return home. On the 26th of last January, Hourquebie did not return home. His step-brother, who is the *instituteur communal*, uneasy at his absence, commenced an active search to discover what had become of him. At some distance from his house he found his brother's walking-stick and a loaded pistol, which he usually carried for his own defence. There was also a large spot of blood on the road. On tracking the marks of blood along the road, he arrived at the mill-dam where he found the body of the garde horribly mutilated by what appeared to be a bill-hook. Suspicion was instantly fastened on the prisoner. The police searched his house and found a blouse which he had worn the night before; it had been washed in some places only, and was hanging out to dry. On his being asked to produce his bill-hook, he showed one that he was not in the habit of using; the one he actually used was afterwards discovered in a bee-hive.

Footmarks were discovered at the supposed place of the murder. They presented an exact counterpart to the nails in the shoes of the accused. The evening of the murder, just after the "Angelus" had ceased, the garde was seen to pass, and soon after the accused.

A witness deposed, that, about the same time, he heard four piercing shrieks, at some considerable distance.

It appeared that just before his arrest, the prisoner, conversing with a gendarme said, "They cannot condemn without proofs." "They will find proofs," said the gendarme. The prisoner, after a moment of reflection, said, as if it were a thought full of consolation, "They do not now condemn to death."

This deposition caused a general shudder in the court.

M. Laporte, Avocat General, showed, that though there was no direct evidence of the prisoner's guilt, there must be a moral certainty of it.

M. Lamargnere, with singular ability, endeavoured to show that the evidence was consistent with the prisoner's innocence.

Labnig was condemned to twenty year's hard labour and exposure. He is sixty years of age.—*From the Gazette des Tribunaux.*

SEDATIVE EFFECTS OF THE SPIDER'S WEB.—The web of the black spider has received commendation from many respectable sources, as a sedative agent, capable of calming, with peculiar ease and certainty, morbid excitability of the cerebral and nervous systems. To test its qualities it was given, where the state of the patient admitted, uncombined with opiates. When thus used, its effects were generally partial or doubtful, and its powers inadequate to the production of tranquillity or sleep. In one case only have I found this substance to exert great or decided sedative attributes. This was the case of an intelligent young man (in private practice), who, after consuming, by his own report, three quarts of brandy in thirty-six hours, fell into a state of temulent excitement so excessive, that he was incapable of keeping a recumbent or even a sitting posture for more than a minute, but paced his chamber with a ceaseless step for two days and nights. He was not delirious; on the contrary, his conversation was rational, though hurried and vehement. But he was so far under the influence of spectral hallucination, that if he closed his eyes for a moment, day or night, he was instantly visited by a host of phantoms of frightful aspect; hence chiefly his aversion to lie down, or make any voluntary effort to sleep. This patient took opium, opium with camphor, and black drop, at short intervals, and in full doses, until the quantum of opiate approached the utmost limit of probable safe administration, without even partial relief of constitutional irritation, or any apparent proneness to sleep. The temulent excitement kept unabated for twenty-four hours, the second night passed in constant vigilance, locomotion, and mental excitement, and it seemed probable that excitation so intense, protracted and unremitting, must soon lapse into delirium or convulsions. At this time, the morning of the third day (the second of my attendance), he began the use of the fresh web in pills of five grains every hour. Its effect was prompt and unequivocal. The patient spoke emphatically, both the first and second day, of the soothing influence produced by the pills. He was not at the time informed of their composition.—*London Medical Gazette.*

SHOCKING DESTITUTION.—Yesterday morning the Joke, which had called at our office on Saturday and was sent back again, returned, according to the "Notice to Correspondents" in our yesterday's number, and had an interview with our editor.

The Joke was some years old, and had an anxious careworn appearance; its clothes were threadbare, and it otherwise exhibited symptoms of having been in the greatest distress.

The Joke observed that it was once in very good circumstances, and was sure the editor must know it very well.

The Editor asked if it was the celebrated one of the impatient gentleman in the coffee-house, who inquired if his *steak* was ready, to which the waiter replied, somewhat insolently, "No, Sir, but your *chops* are."

The Joke answered it was not, but one equally respectable. (*The name of the Joke was here given, but as we intend making use of it, slightly altered, we suppress it for obvious reasons.*)

It was received in good society for some time; and next got a place in the form of a conundrum, on a Twelfth Night character. When it was sufficiently old to be trusted on the stage, Mr. Moncrieff got it a new situation in one of the late Mr. Mathews's "patter" songs, and at the end of the entertainment it did double duty in the "Gatherer" of the "Mirror," and as one of Tregear's "Flights of Humour."

After this it returned to the stage under the auspices of Mr. Penke in a farce at the English Opera, and then, with some slight modification, was made over by him to Mr. Planché for one of his burlesque extravaganzas—Juke believed it was the "White Cat."

The Editor inquired if it was not dangerous to bring such well-known jokes upon the stage.

The Joke said it was quite the contrary—that oldest witticisms always told the best upon the audience, as any member of the Dramatic Authors Society could bear witness; and especially writers of burlesques. After "The White Cat," it was out of place for some time, until it got a very

humble engagement for three days with Mr. Nelson Lee, for Greenwich Fair, but it met with such ill-treatment from the hands of Mr. Merryman, to which it was confided, that it was laid up as incapable for some time afterwards.

The Editor inquired if this finished its engagement.

The Joke answered in the negative. It next became a woodcut for a penny weekly paper, and was for a short time with Mr. Clarkson at the Old Bailey, and Colonel Sibthorp in the house. But not answering the expectation formed of it, it was turned finally adrift, and had since been wandering about in the keenest misery.

The Editor expressed his belief in the truth of the story, and added that something should be done with it if possible. In the meantime he would give it into the hands of his principal contributors to see what they could make of it.

The Joke expressed its thanks, and retired into the pigeon-hole of the Editor's desk.—*Puck.*

MATHEWS THE COMEDIAN AND PITT.—In my husband's earliest years as a London actor, he cherished a strong desire to behold the great statesman Pitt; and in the course of conversation one day with our early friend General Phipps, referring to this desire, he promised Mr. Mathews that his longing should be gratified, for he would, he said, ask him to dinner on some occasion when he expected the great man at his table. For a time some difficulty was found in arranging the matter to suit all parties—my husband having to perform at the Haymarket nightly. However, on the demise of the Duke of Gloucester, in 1804 or 5, the theatres were closed until after the interment, and a day was arranged for the promised treat; but to the actor's chagrin, the royal funeral took place sooner than was expected, the theatres were re-opened on the very evening fixed for the dinner, and all hope of the gratification intended was fading, when it was suggested to my husband's kind inviter that he could perhaps manage to reach his, the General's house, after the theatre closed, and as the dinner hour was a late one, arrive in time to catch at least a glimpse of Mr. Pitt, before the party broke up. As soon therefore as the green curtain dropped, my husband hastened to receive the delight he anticipated—namely, to behold the most extraordinary political genius of England, and listen to his accents, prepared to treasure up in memory every word that fell from the eloquent lips of the great politician; and it was not without a sensation somewhat approaching to awe, that the actor followed the servant, who ushered him into the dining-room where the party still remained, though nearly midnight; for, like Norval—"Never before stood he in such a presence!" But as he entered, he was startled by a crash of something breaking, followed by a suppressed titter, and he found the table in great disorder, the guests silent, the General, and the candles burning blue—the new guest looked a little blue also at the constrained, nay, vexed manner with which his heretofore warm and cordial host received him, and who, without a word of welcome, pointed to the chair just placed for him by the servant. My husband's eye glanced from face to face in the fear that he was too late to behold the only one he came to see, and having hastily scanned each countenance, his quick eye, long familiar with Gilray's and other likenesses of the Prime Minister, could not fail to recognise, though in a haze, in the sharp features of the long slim personage seated at the top of the table—the political guiding star of Britain, the great son of the great Chatham, the dignified statesman, the observed of all observers—undisturbed by the entrance of the new guest—gravely, and even thoughtfully employed in collecting the wine-glasses within his reach, and piling them one upon another as high as they could balance, and then with the fragments of the dessert pelting them down into pieces (the crash and suppressed mirth heard by my husband at his *entree* being occasioned by the destruction of the first batch) and not till all the glasses upon the table were—in auctioneer's phrase—*showed up*, did the mighty perpetrator think of desisting. He then arose with something like an effort, and with a silent bow to his host, not very steadily withdrew, accompanied by two of the gentlemen present. The much annoyed General then explained to my husband that the scene he had just witnessed of the self-diversion of his illustrious guest was not infrequently the result of his having suffered too much of the "molten ruby" to pass his lips, as on the present occasion, when he *taxed* his hospitable entertainers in the manner described. This was the only time my husband saw this great man, who died, I believe, shortly after.—*Anecdotes of Actors, by Mrs. Mathews.*

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE AND FUSELI.—"When Fuseli first saw my Satan," remarks Lawrence, "he was nettled, and said, 'You borrowed the idea from me.' " "In truth I did take the idea from you," I said; "but it was from your person, not from your paintings. When we were all together at Stockport Court, in Pembrokeshire, you may remember how you stood on your high rock which overlooks the Bay of Bristol, and gazed down upon the sea which rolled so magnificently below. You were in rapture; and while you were crying—'Grand! grand! Jesus Christ, how grand! how terrific!' you put yourself in a wild posture. I thought on the devil looking into the abyss, and took a slight sketch of you at the time; here it is—my Satan's posture now, was your's then."

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,
MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.
(Continued from our last, page 139.)

The first person I saw on entering the rotunda was George Robert Fitzgerald: he started as if he had received a shock of electricity. I turned my head away, and would have avoided him; but he instantly quitted two friends with whom he was walking, and presented himself to me. He expressed great pleasure at seeing me once more in "the world;" was surprised at finding me for the first time in public without my husband, and requested permission to pay his respects to me at my house. I replied, that I "was on a visit to some friends." He bowed, and rejoined his companions.

During the evening, however, he never ceased to follow me. We quitted the rotunda early; and as we were waiting for the carriage, I again observed Fitzgerald in the antichamber. We passed the vestibule, and at the door his own carriage was waiting.

On the following noon, I was correcting a proof-sheet of my volume, when the servant abruptly announced Mr. Fitzgerald!

I was somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected visit, and received Mr. Fitzgerald with a cold and embarrassed mien, which evidently mortified him; I also felt a little worldly vanity in the moment of surprise, for my morning dress was more calculated to display maternal assiduity than elegant and tasteful dishabille. In a small basket near my chair slept my little Maria; my table was spread with papers; and everything around me presented the mixed confusion of a study and a nursery.

From the period of Mrs. Jones's quitting me at Abergavenny, I had made it an invariable rule always to dress and undress my infant. I never suffered it to be placed in a cradle, or to be fed out of my presence. A basket of an oblong shape, with four handles (with a pillow and a small bolster), was her bed by day: at night she slept with me. I had too often heard of the neglect which servants show to young children, and I resolved never to expose an infant of mine either to their ignorance or inattention. It was amidst the duties of a parent, that the gay, the high-fashioned Fitzgerald now found me; and whenever either business or, very rarely, public amusements drew me from the occupation, my mother never failed to be my substitute.

Mr. Fitzgerald said a thousand civil things; but that which charmed me, was the admiration of my child. He declared that he had never seen so young a mother or so beautiful an infant. For the first remark I sighed; but the last delighted my bosom: she indeed was one of the prettiest little mortals that ever the sun shone upon.

The next subject of praise was my poetry. I smile while I recollect how far the effrontery of flattery has power to belie the judgment. Mr. Fitzgerald took up the proof-sheet and read one of the pastorals. I inquired by what means he had discovered my place of residence; he informed me, that his carriage had followed me home on the preceding night. He now took his leave.

On the following evening he made us another visit; I say us, because Mr. Robinson was at home. Mr. Fitzgerald drank tea with us, and proposed making a party on the next day to dine at Rielunond. To this I gave a decided negative; alleging that my duty towards my child prevented the possibility of passing a day absent from her.

On the Wednesday following, Mr. Robinson accompanied me again to Ranelagh; there we met Lord Northington, Lord Lyttleton, Captain O'Bryan, Captain Ayscough, Mr. Andrews, and several others, who all, in the course of the evening, evinced their attentions: but as Mr. Robinson's deranged state of affairs did not admit of our receiving parties at home, I made my excuses by saying, that we were at a friend's house, and not yet established in a town residence. Lord Lyttleton was particularly importunate; but he received the same answer which I had given to every other inquirer.

A short time after, Mr. Robinson was arrested. Now came my hour of trial. He was conveyed to the house of a sheriff's officer, and in a few days detainers were lodged against him to the amount of twelve hundred pounds, chiefly the arrears of annuities, and other demands from Jew creditors; for I can proudly and with truth declare, that he did not at that time, or at any period since, owe fifty pounds for me, or to any tradesman on my account, whatever.

Mr. Robinson knew that it would be useless to ask Mr. Harris's assistance: indeed his mind was too much depressed to make an exertion for the arrangement of his affairs. He was, therefore, after waiting three weeks in the custody of a sheriff's officer (during which time I never left him for a single hour, day or night), obliged to submit to the necessity of becoming a captive.

For myself I cared but little; all my anxiety was for Mr. Robinson's repose, and the health of my child. The apartment which we obtained was in the upper part of the building, overlooking a racket-ground. Mr. Robinson was expert in all exercises of strength or activity, and he found that amusement daily which I could not partake of. I had other occupations of a more interesting nature, the care of a beloved and still helpless daughter.

During nine months and three weeks never once did I pass the threshold

of our dreary habitation; though every allurements was offered, every effort was made, to draw me from my scene of domestic attachment. Numberless messages and letters from Lords Northington and Lyttleton, from Mr. Fitzgerald, and many others, were conveyed to me. But they all, excepting Lord Northington's, were dictated in the language of gallantry, were replete with professions of love, and wishes to release me from my unpleasant and humiliating situation—and were therefore treated with contempt, scorn, and indignation. For God can bear witness that at that period my mind had never entertained a thought of violating those vows which I had made to my husband at the altar.

What I suffered during this tedious captivity!—My little volume of poems sold but indifferently—my health was considerably impaired—and the trifling income which Mr. Robinson received from his father was scarcely sufficient to support him. I will not enter into a tedious detail of vulgar sorrows, of vulgar scenes; I seldom quitted my apartment, and never till the evening, when for air and exercise I walked on the racket-ground with my husband.

It was during one of these night-walks that my little daughter first blessed my ears with the articulation of words. The circumstance made a foreible and indelible impression on my mind. It was a clear moonlight evening; the infant was in the arms of her nursery-maid; she was dancing her up and down, and was playing with her; her eyes were fixed upon the moon, to which she pointed with her small fore-finger;—on a sudden a cloud passed over it, and the child, with a slow falling of her hand, articulately sighed, "all gone!" This had been a customary expression with her maid, whenever the infant wanted anything which it was deemed prudent to withhold or to hide from her. These little nothings will appear insignificant to the common reader; but to the parent whose heart is ennobled by sensibility, they will become matters of important interest. I can only add, that I walked till near midnight, watching every cloud that passed over the moon, and as often, with a rapturous sensation, hearing my little prattler repeat her observation.

Having much leisure and many melancholy hours, I again turned my thoughts towards the muses. I chose *Captivity* for the subject of my pen, and soon composed a quarto poem of some length; it was superior to my former productions, but it was full of defects, replete with weak or laboured lines. I never now read my early compositions without a confusion on my cheek which marks my humble opinion of them.

At this period I was informed that the Duchess of Devonshire was the admirer and patroness of literature: with a mixture of timidity and hope I sent her grace a neatly-bound volume of my poems, accompanied by a short letter apologizing for their defects, and pleading in page as the only excuse for their inaccuracy. My brother, who was a charming youth, was the bearer of my first literary offering at the shrine of nobility. The duchess admitted him, and with the most generous and amiable sensibility, inquired some particulars respecting my situation, with a request that on the following day I would make her a visit.

I knew not what to do. Her liberality claimed my compliance; yet as I had never, during my husband's long captivity, quitted him for half-an-hour, I felt a sort of reluctance that pained the romantic firmness of my mind, while I meditated what I considered as a breach of my domestic attachment. However, at the particular and earnest request of Mr. Robinson, I consented; and accordingly accepted the duchess's invitation.

(To be continued in our next.)

SAGACITY OF A DOG.—Two seamen, in reefing a topsail in a heavy squall, were thrown from the yard into the sea. A dog sprang overboard and seized one of the men by the collar of his jacket; at that moment the man caught a rope which was heaved to him, and instantly the dog relinquished his hold, and swam off to the man who was still struggling without any help. Did not the faithful and sagacious brute reason on the comparative safety of his two friends? We have seen the same animal, when the captain has been anxiously looking out for buoys in thick weather, bark when he made one out, and hold out his paw towards it as if directing his master's attention to a welcome discovery. This was no taught trick, but the result of the dog's own observation. We do not insinuate that the poor brute ratiocinated on the nature of a buoy and the danger of striking on a shoal, but he had been wont, through many a wakeful night, to watch his master's anxious face; he noticed that the cloud was dispelled on the appearance of a particular object, and when, on any future occasion, he recognised the same, he hastened, with affectionate delight, to relieve his owner's heart by pointing it out.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.—At the storming of Badajoz in 1812, one of our officers got a musket-ball in the right ear, which came out at the back of the neck; and though, after a painful illness, he recovered, yet his head got a twist, and he was compelled to wear it, looking over the right shoulder. At the battle of Waterloo, in 1815 (having been upwards of three years with his neck awry), he received a shot in the left ear, which came out within half an inch of his former wound in the back of the neck, and it set his head straight again!—*Kincaid's Random Shots.*

THE CONFESSION OF MRS. DOREY.—

The Confession of Mrs. Dorey has been published at full length in the daily papers. After narrating the circumstances connected with the forgery of the will of Eliza Burdard, she says, "Some time after this, Fletcher having observed that a young gentleman was paying his addresses to me, spoke to me on the subject. Mrs. Fletcher had then been dead some thirteen months. Three months after her decease he intimated a partiality he felt for me, and had for many years. Soon after this he met the gentleman he was fearful I liked at my house, and the following day wrote me a strong letter on the subject (I having told Fletcher previously that the gentleman was only a friend, and that I was anxious to retain his friendship, as we had known each other for so many years, and he had been a favourite of my mother's), in which letter he said it was useless for me to say the gentleman in question, whom he saw at my house, was only a friend, for it was well known that when a young gentleman frequently visits a young lady, it must be for some purpose either honourable or dishonourable. If the first, why did I deny it? If the second, the sooner such visits were discontinued the better. I mention here the contents of this letter sent to me by Fletcher, because I gave it to three or four of my acquaintances to read, and it being sealed with the same impression as that found by Forrester at my house, they might probably remember it. The letter, with others, I unfortunately destroyed previous to my marriage with Mr. Dorey. During the time my sister was in business at the Pantheon, Mrs. Fletcher went with me to see her there, and purchased two seals precisely the same. She kept one herself, and gave the other to me. Fletcher was at variance with me because I expressed such indignation at the letter he had sent me. Some time after this, my brother-in-law, Mr. Saunders, came from Bristol; he was angry with me for refusing to accept Mr. Fletcher. Mr. Saunders visited Fletcher and talked to him on the subject, saying it was injudicious of him to propose to me at a time when I was so grievously afflicted by the loss of my mother, and he having so recently lost his wife; therefore Fletcher came again to see me. Fletcher again urged his suit, and I repulsed him; upon which he said he must know, once for all, whether I would receive him as my future husband or not. On my determined refusal of him, he said he would never again be on terms of friendship with me, nor give me his advice as he had hitherto done. From that time, up to January, 1843, I neither saw nor heard anything of him, only that he was married, and had visited Mr. and Mrs. Saunders at Bristol. I was married to Mr. Dorey in the month of February following, and lived at 45, Oxford-street. At that time my sister was visiting me. I think about March (I cannot speak with certainty to the exact time) Mr. Fletcher called at my residence to see my sister. He came, I think, twice. On one occasion of his coming, I remained in the room with him and my sister some minutes. He said to my sister, 'I hope you will soon get it done.' My sister replied, 'She did not know what to do about it, as she was such a bad hand at writing.' Fletcher said, 'Perhaps your sister will do it for you.' I asked what it was; and he said, 'Some writing.' I immediately replied, 'I would do all she required,' and then left the room. The same evening my sister gave me a will that Fletcher had brought her, written in his own handwriting, and asked me to copy it, which I did, and signed one name as Fletcher had written it. I then took a lodging in Francis-street for Miss Slack. I do not know what other proceedings were taken in the matter, because my sister was fearful I should relate anything about it to Mr. Dorey. She did not tell me any thing about it. On one occa-



GOING TO THE RACES.

sion of Mr. Fletcher visiting my sister at my house in Oxford-street, I heard him say to her she must lose no time in going to Bath. She said to my husband she had occasion to go there on business, but would return to town again, and that she would pay my expenses, if he had no objection for me to go with her. He assented, and we went. We slept in Bath one night, and the following morning called at his offices, one near the York-house and the other near the Abbey Churchyard. My sister inquired something about a register, but I cannot tell what, after she had remained in the lodging in Francis-street some time. She returned home with me, and one morning she gave me a thousand-pound note to look at. It was the first I had ever seen, and I took it into the shop to show to Mr. Dorey, and afterwards returned it to her again. Soon afterwards my sister returned to Bristol, and I heard nothing more of the matter until I saw by the newspapers that Fletcher and Barber were in custody. I should

immediately have given to the prosecutors all the information I knew, had it not been that my sister was implicated, and suffering under severe illness—I felt so assured that Fletcher had nearly all through my life been playing on my credulity. I have, in this statement, given an account of all the money that I ever received for what I did for Fletcher, or any one connected with him. I know nothing more of his transactions, or anything of moment relating to him, other than a relation called on me in Oxford-street a few days previous to my being apprehended by Forrester, and told me that he came by Fletcher's wish to inform me that the officer was coming to examine me. He also said that Fletcher had been getting plenty of money, for he had within the last day or two made over property to the amount of 9,000*l.* or 10,000*l.* belonging to Fletcher, and if Fletcher was sentenced to transportation, he should not be sent out of the country, for he would provide him with some prussic acid. I have never in my life given the least information to any individual regarding Fletcher's transactions, or what I had done from his advice. Mr. Dorey (my husband) was perfectly ignorant of all my transactions up to the moment of Forrester taking me.

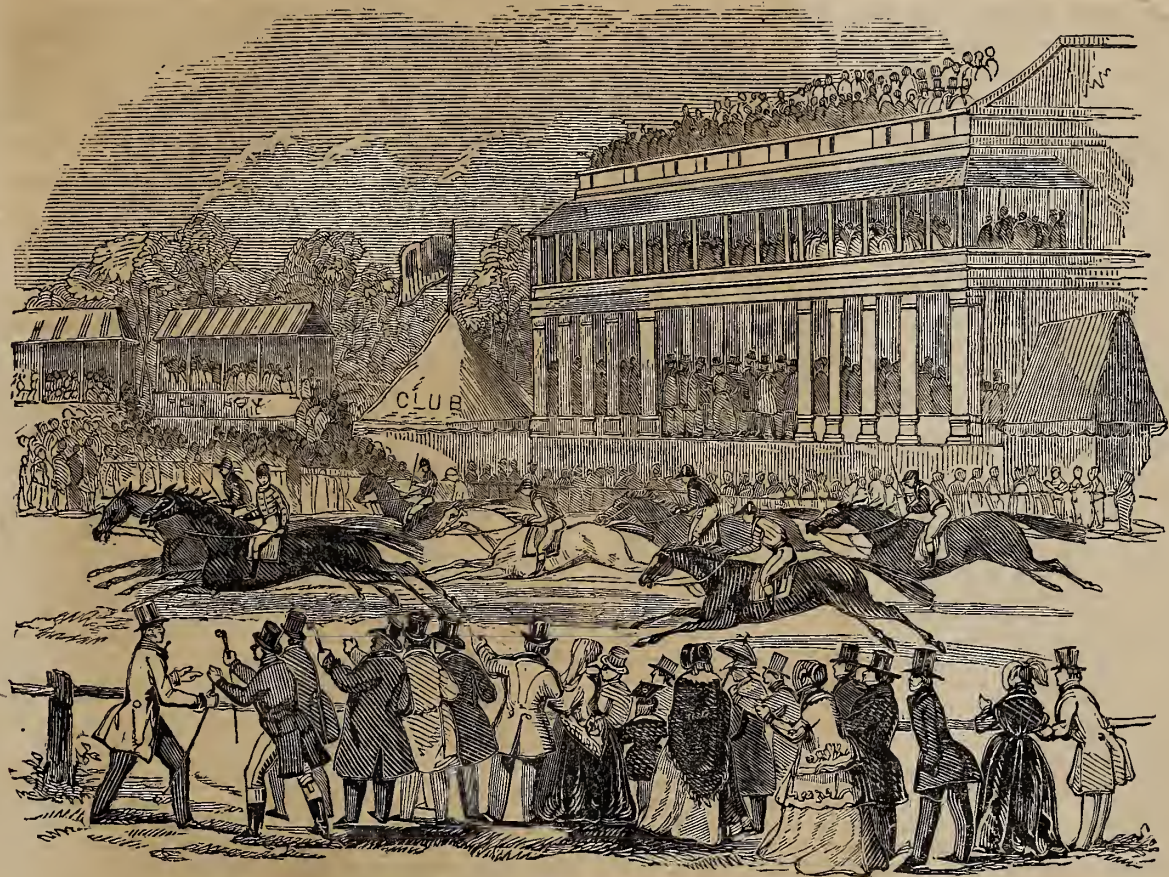
"Giltspur Street Prison, Feb. 28.

"GEORGINA DOREY."

PENNSYLVANIAN LAW.—It is a curious fact, and not generally known, that by the laws of Pennsylvania a man may be sold into servitude who refuses to maintain his wife and children; and it is stated that recently a man was sold in Venango country, by order of the court, for an indefinite period, who had refused to maintain his wife and family, they receiving the wages of his labour for their support. Truly "domestic slavery" must be preferable to such bondage as this.

DUE PROPORTIONS.—"Jock," said a farmer's wife to the herd callant—"Jock, come in to your parritch—the flies are drowning themselves in the milk."—"Nae fears," replied Jock moving very deliberately towards the scene of action, "Nae fears; they'll wade through't."—"Od, you little rascal, do you say you dinna get enough o'milk?"—"Ou ay plenty for the parritch."

A LESSON FOR LADIES.—The editor of a certain paper, himself an old bachelor, says, "Nothing can prevent an increase of bachelorism, save an amendment in the mode of educating women. When they learn common sense instead of broken French—when they learn some useful employment instead of beating the piano—when they learn to prefer honest industry to silly coxombry,—and when men find that a woman is a help-mate instead of a burden, then we may expect to find few bachelors—not till then."—*Bolton Free Press.*



THE GRAND STAND AT EPSOM.

SCRAPS FOR THE LADIES

HOW TO DANCETH THE POLKA.—The origin of this celebrated dance is involved in some obscurity; although there are not wanting, among several Hungarian (or Magyar) authors of note, those who trace it with confidence to the Paladin Frangipani of Balaton. This Knight and Crusader appears to have brought with him from the East, as a present to the Empress, some beautiful Ionian slaves, who excelled in a dance called the *Pulcha*. According to the same historians we learn that it was first performed at Buda, and created as much enthusiasm throughout the whole of Germany as it now does in France and England, and will very shortly do everywhere.

The more immediate history of the Polka refers to the French capital, where a short time ago, it became the great Terpsichorean treat, and its interest was soon transferred to this country. The *furor* it created in Paris was much talked of, and at length the dance itself set all the heads and hearts crazy of those who beheld Perrot and Carlotta Grisi, attired in the picturesque Slavonic dress, execute the extraordinary *pas*. The military jacket, the *naïve* little hoot; the stamp, glissade, shuffle, pressure of arm and hand; smile over the alabaster shoulder conveying a myriad of coquetties; the "gentle force" wherewith the more impressionable beauty draws her lover to her side—combined to place the Polka at the head of our social dances at once.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE ALLEGORY.—A humming-bird once met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawing dolt." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird, "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me, I was a caterpillar. So let me give you this piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may one day become your superiors."

Why is the grass on which the cow feeds older than yourself? Because it is *pasturage*—(past-your-age).

Some literary spinster ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested in astronomy to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really a *man* in the moon!

A MOTHER'S LOVE.—The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands—but a mother's love endures through all—in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on; still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with delight, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she never can be brought to think him all unworthy.

CONUNDRUMS.—Why did Adam, when alone, find the day very long? Because 'twas always morning without Eve.—Why did Jupiter descend to Danae in a shower of gold? To prove that he was one of the reigning sovereigns.—Why does a penny pieman shed scalding tears? Because he cries "all hot."—Why is the Isle of Wight like Whitechapel? Because its famous for its Needles.—What is the difference between Punch and Judy? A quarrel.—Why is the snow different from Sunday? Because it can fall on any day of the week.

What colour is the grass when covered with snow? Invisible green.

CURE FOR BURNS.—After opening the vesicles, if they are formed, the part is dipped in cold water, and then plunged, still wet, into flour, keeping it there for a minute or two; by this means a certain quantity adheres to the part, and prevents the access of the air. It is remarkable that the flour falls in scales from the surrounding parts the next day, whilst on the burn it remains adherent.—*Medical Times*.

A beautiful woman pleases the eye, a good woman satisfies the heart—the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.—*Buonaparte*.

ONE HOUR WITH THEE. =

One hour with thee, one hour with thee,
When Beauty's planet beams;
One hour with thee, when o'er the lea
The silent moonlight streams.
When breezes kiss the dewy flow'r,
And huds close on the tree,
Oh! then, one hour with thee, my love,
Oh! then, one hour with thee.

THE HISTORY OF THE MOON,

Or an Account of the Wonderful Discoveries of Sir John Herschell.

The following are the most remarkable particulars comprised in the pretended discoveries in the Moon by Sir John Herschell, said to have been made at the time of his visit to the Cape of Good Hope, ten years since.—They are abridged from a scarce pamphlet, published without his authority, shortly after his return. Of course no one at the present time places the slightest credit on their accuracy, although at the period of their being propounded, great excitement prevailed upon the subject. Our readers will, no doubt, regard them as an interesting pendant to our former articles.

“Sir John Herschell went to the Cape of Good Hope at the end of the year 1834, as the most favourable position for making his long meditated observations on the Moon. The instruments he took with him were on the most stupendous scale, and he was liberally supplied with all the money requisite for his undertaking. We may observe that his object-glass weighed nearly seven tons, and that its magnifying power was 42,000 times. Everything else was in proportion. On the 10th of January, 1835, he began operations. The first thing that met the view of the observers was a shelving pile of basaltic rock, of a greenish brown colour, covered with a dark red flower, like the rose poppy. To this succeeded verdant declivities, lemon forests, billowing waters, gloomy caverns, splendid scenery, spreading lakes, boiling volcanoes, and so forth. At last came a vision of animals, as follows :—

At the foot of this boundary of hills was a perfect zone of woods surrounding the whole valley, which was about eighteen or twenty miles wide, at its greatest breadth, and about thirty in length. Small collections of trees of every imaginable kind, were scattered about the whole luxuriant area; and here our magnifiers blest our panting hopes with specimens of conscious existence. In the shade of the woods, on the south-eastern side, we beheld continuous herds of brown quadrupeds, having all the external characteristics of the bison, but more diminutive than any species of the bos genus in our natural history. Its tail was like that of the bos grunniens; but in its semi-circular horns, the hump on its shoulders, the depth of its dew-lap, and the length of its shaggy hair, it closely resembled the species to which I first compared it. It had, however, one widely distinctive feature, which we afterwards found common to nearly every lunar quadruped we have discovered; namely, a remarkable fleshy appendage over the eyes, crossing the whole breadth of the forehead and united to the ears. We could most distinctly perceive this hairy veil, which was shaped like the upper front outline of the cap known to the ladies as Mary Queen of Scott's cap, lifted and lowered by means of the ears. It immediately occurred to the acute mind of Dr. Herschell, that this was a providential contrivance to protect the eyes of the animal from the great extremes of light and darkness to which all the inhabitants of our side of the Moon are periodically subject.

The next animal perceived would be classed on earth as a monster. It was of bluish lead colour, about the size of a goat, with a head and beard like him, and a single horn, slightly inclined forward from the perpendicular. The female was destitute of the horn and beard, but had a much longer tail. It was gregarious, and chiefly abounded on the acclivitous glades of the woods. In elegance of symmetry it rivalled the antelope, and like him it seemed an agile sprightly creature, running with great speed, and springing from the green turf with all the unaccountable antics of a young lamb or kitten. This beautiful creature afforded us the most exquisite amusement. The mimicry of its movements upon our white painted canvass was as faithful and luminous as that of animals within a few yards of a camera obscura, when seen pictured upon its tympan. Frequently when attempting to put our fingers upon its beard, it would suddenly bound away into oblivion, as if conscious of our earthly impertinence; but then others would appear, whom we could not prevent nibbling the herbage, say or do what we would to them.

On examining the centre of this delightful valley, we found a large branching river, abounding with lovely islands, and water birds of numerous kinds. A species of grey pelican was the most numerous; but a black and white crane, with unreasonably long legs and bill, were also quite common. We watched their piscivorous experiments a long time, in hopes of catching sight of a lunar fish; but although we were not gratified in this respect, we could easily guess the purpose for which they plunged their long necks so deeply beneath the water. Near the upper extremity of one of these islands we obtained a glimpse of a strange amphibious creature of a spherical form, which rolled with great velocity across the pebbly beach, and was lost sight of in the strong current which set off from this angle of the island. We were compelled, however, to leave this prolific valley unexplored, on account of clouds which were evidently accumulating in the lunar atmosphere, our own being perfectly translucent. But this was itself an interesting discovery, for more distant observers had questioned or denied the existence of any humid atmosphere in this planet.

More splendid zoological collections speedily occurred—

At length we carefully explored the Endymion. We found each of the

three ovals volcanic and sterile within; but without, most rich, throughout the level regions around them, in every imaginable production of a bounteous soil. Dr. Herschell has classified not less than thirty-eight species of forest trees, and nearly twice this number of plants, found in this tract alone, which are widely different to those found in more equatorial latitudes. Of animals, he classified nine species of mammalia and five of oviparia. Among the former is a small kind of rein-deer, the elk, the moose, the horned bear, and the biped beaver. The last resembles the beaver of the earth in every other respect than in its destitution of a tail, and its invariable habit of walking on only two feet. It carries its young in its arms like a human being, and moves with an easy gliding motion. Its huts are constructed better and higher than those of many tribes of human savages, and from the appearance of smoke in nearly all of them, there is no doubt of its being acquainted with the use of fire. Still its head and body differ only in the points stated from that of the beaver, and it was never seen except on the borders of lakes and rivers, in which it has been observed to immerse for a period of several seconds.

“Thirty degrees farther south, in No. 11, or Cleomedes, an immense annular mountain, containing three distinct craters, which have been so long distinguished that the whole valley around them, which is eleven miles in extent, is densely crowded with woods, nearly to the summits of the hills. Not a rod of vacant land, except the tops of these craters, could be described, and no living creature, except a large white bird resembling the stork. At the southern extremity of this valley is a natural archway or cavern, two hundred feet high, and one hundred wide, through which runs a river that discharges itself over a precipice of grey rock, eighty feet in depth, and then forms a branching stream through a beautiful champaign district for many miles. Within twenty miles of this cataract is the largest lake, or rather an inland sea, that has been found throughout the seven and a half millions of square miles which this illuminated side of the Moon contains. Its width from east to west is 198 miles, and from north to south 266 miles. Its shape to the northward is not unlike that of the bay of Bengal, and it is studded with small islands, most of which are volcanic. Two of these, on the eastern side, are now violently eruptive; but our lowest magnifying power was too great to examine them with convenience, on account of the cloud of smoke and ashes which beclouded our field of view: as seen by Lieutenant Drummond, through our reflecting telescope 2000 times, they exhibited great brilliancy. In a bay, on the western side of this sea, is an island fifty-five miles long, of a crescent form, crowded through its entire sweep with the most superb and wonderful natural beauties, both of vegetation and geology. Its hills are pinnaled with tall quartz crystals, of so rich a yellow and orange hue, that we at first supposed them to be pointed flames of fire; and they spring up thus from smooth round brows of hills, which are covered as with a velvet mantle. Even in the enchanting little valleys of this winding island, we could often see these splendid natural spires, mounting in the midst of deep green woods, like church steeples in the vales of Westmoreland. We here first noticed the lunar palm-tree, which differs from that of our tropical latitudes only in the peculiarity of very large crimson flowers, instead of the spadix protruded from the common calix. We, however, perceived no fruit on any specimens we saw: a circumstance which we attempted to account for from the great (theoretical) extremes in the lunar climate. On a curious kind of melon tree, we, nevertheless, saw fruit in great abundance, and in every stage of inception and maturity. The hectic flush of autumn was often seen kindled upon the cheek of earliest spring; and the gay drapery of summer in some places surrounded trees leafless as the victims of winter. It seemed as if all the seasons here united hands in a circle of perpetual harmony. Of animals, we saw only an elegant striped quadruped, about three feet high, like a miniature zebra; which was always in small herds on the green sward of the hills; and two or three kinds of long-tailed birds, which we judged to be golden and blue pheasants. On the shores, however, we saw countless, multitudes of univalve shell-fish, and among them some huge flat ones, which all three of my associates declared to be *cornu ammona*.”

We at length approached the level opening to the lake, where the valley narrows to a mile in width, and displays scenery on both sides picturesque and romantic beyond the powers of a prose description. Imagination, borne on the wings of poetry, could alone gather similes to pourtray the wild sublimity of this landscape, where dark beliomoth crags stood over the brows of lofty precipices, as if a rampart in the sky; and forests seemed suspended in mid-air. On the eastern side there was one soaring crag, crested with trees, which hung over in a curve like three-fourths of a gothic arch, and being of a rich crimson colour, its effect was most strange upon minds unaccustomed to the association of such grandeur with such beauty. But whilst gazing upon them in a perspective of about half a mile, we were thrilled with astonishment to perceive four successive flocks of large winged creatures, wholly unlike any kind of birds, descend with a slow even motion from the cliffs on the western side, and alight on the plain. They were first noticed by Dr. Herschel, who exclaimed, “Now, gentleman, my theories against your proofs, which you have often found a pretty even bet, we have here something worth look-

ing at: I was confident, that if ever we found beings in human shape, it would be in this longitude, and that they would be provided by their Creator with some extraordinary powers of locomotion; first, exchange for my number D." This lens being soon introduced, gave us a fine half mile distance; and we counted three parties of these creatures, of twelve, nine, and fifteen in each, walking erect, towards a small wood near the base of the eastern precipices. Certainly they were like human beings, for their wings had now disappeared, and their attitude in walking was both erect and dignified. Having observed them at this distance for some minutes, we introduced lens H. z., which brought them to the apparent proximity of eighty yards: the highest clear magnitude we possessed until the latter end of March, when we effected an improvement in the gas-burners. About half of the first party had passed beyond our canvass; but of all the others we had a perfectly distinct and deliberate view. They averaged four feet in height, were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-coloured hair, and had wings composed of a thin membrane without hair, lying snugly upon their backs, from the top of the shoulders to the calves of the legs. The face, which was of a yellowish flesh colour, was a slight improvement upon that of the large ourang-outang, being more open and intelligent in its expression, and having a much greater expansion of forehead. The mouth, however, was very prominent, though somewhat relieved by a thick beard upon the lower jaw, and by lips far more human than those of any species of the similar genus. In general symmetry of body and limbs they were infinitely superior to the ourang-outang; so much so, that but for their long wings, Lieut. Drummond said that they would look as well on a parade-ground as some of the old cockney militia! The hair on the head was a darker colour than that of the body, closely curled, but apparently not woolly, and arranged in two curious semi-circles over the temples of the forehead. Their feet could only be seen as they were alternately lifted in walking; but, from what we could see of them in so transient a view, they appeared thin, and very protuberant at the heel.

"Whilst passing across the canvass, and whenever we afterwards saw them, these creatures were evidently engaged in conversation; their gesticulation, more particularly the varied action of their hands and arms, appeared impassioned and emphatic. We hence inferred that they were rational beings, and although not perhaps of so high an order as others which we discovered the next month, on the shores of the Bay of Rainbows, that they were capable of producing works of art and contrivance. The next view we obtained of them was still more favourable. It was on the borders of a little lake, or expanded stream, which we then for the first time perceived running down the valley to a large lake, and having on its eastern margin a small wood. Some of these creatures had crossed this water, and were lying like spread eagles on the skirts of the wood. We could then perceive that their wings possessed great expansion, and were similar in structure to those of the bat, being a semi-transparent membrane, expanded in curvilinear divisions by means of straight radii, united at the back by the dorsal integuments. But what astonished us very much was the circumstance of this membrane being continued from the shoulders to the legs, united all the way down, though gradually decreasing in width. The wings seemed completely under the command of volition, for those of the creatures whom we saw bathing in the water, spread them instantly to their full width, waved them as ducks do theirs to shake off the water, and then as instantly closed them again in a compact form. Our further observations of the habits of these creatures, who were of both sexes, led to results so very remarkable, that I prefer they should first be laid before the public in Dr. Herschell's own work, where I have reason to know they are fully and faithfully stated, however incredulously they may be received.

The three families then almost simultaneously spread their wings, and were lost in the dark confines of the canvass before we had time to breathe from our paralyzing astonishment. We scientifically denominated them the Vespertilio-homo, or manbat; and they are doubtless innocent and happy creatures, notwithstanding some of their amusements would ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum. The valley itself we called the Ruby Colosseum, in compliment to its stupendous southern boundary, the six mile sweep of red precipices 2,000 feet high."

THE POST-OFFICE RETURNS, which have just been made to Parliament, show, among others, the following results:—The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom, in 1843, was upward of 220 millions. The three weeks which are given of 1844, show an increase over the corresponding weeks of 1843, of a quarter of a million of letters per week—this is an increase in the rate of increase, owing, no doubt to improvement in trade. The letters of the London district post are now at the rate of 26,000,000 per annum, or fully double the number under the old system, notwithstanding that, up to the date of the returns, there had been no increase in the number of town deliveries. The gross revenue of the year 1843, was £1,620,867, and the net revenue £640,217; showing, in each instance, an increase, as compared with 1842, of about £40,000; which, considering the important reductions in foreign rates, is as much as could be expected. We have stated the revenue as it

ought to have been given in the return—it is given at about £85,000 less, owing, as explained in a note, to certain old debts (some fifty years old) having been written off. The gross revenue is now about 70 per cent. of that received under the old system, and it exceeds that obtained during the fourpenny rate. The money-orders still increase in number and amount. The sum annually remitted through the Post-office in England and Wales alone is now nearly five millions. The return shows double that amount, for, notwithstanding the ridicule which a similar return brought upon them last year, the Post-office persists in considering the "amount passing through the office," as made up of all which it receives added to all which it pays. The increase of money-orders, since 1839, is twenty-five fold.

STRANGE MALADY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—The Governor of New Brunswick, Sir W. Colebrooke, has sent a message to the legislature on the subject of a disorder the most hideous and fatal, which exists amongst the French population on the borders of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and which the medical men of the neighbourhood consider resembles the leprosy of the 17th century.

The Chamber of Representatives went into committee on the 21st of March, to take into consideration this message, and the documents which accompany it. It appears from these papers, says the *New Brunswick*, that this disgusting malady made its first appearance in 1824, and that since that year seven persons have died of it, after languishing for five or six years in the most miserable condition; one of these patients, who had been *sequestred*, in a long hut, and fed through a hole, died, as is believed, in a state of mental derangement, and the contagion was so dreaded, that, in some cases, the inspector of the poor had been himself obliged to carry to these unfortunate creatures the food necessary for their subsistence, and for which they still preserved their natural appetite and desire.

Those who maintain the contagious nature of the disease, assert that it has been communicated by sleeping with those who were afflicted with it; and that a young man, who had assisted in bearing the bier of a dead patient, and on whose clothes some corrupt matter from the corpse had dropped, took the disease, and died of it.

It appears, in addition, that there are at this moment twelve patients labouring under this malady in the county of Gloucester, and about the same number on the other side of the line which separates that county from that of Northumberland. It is probable that there are others who conceal their sufferings, fearing that if they were known to be thus afflicted they would be shunned by their neighbours.

Amongst the other cases enumerated is that of a woman who was shipwrecked at Carraquet, on her way to Quebec, and who afterwards returned to Chatham, where the malady developed itself, and was communicated to two other persons in the family, with whom she resided, and also to a child who frequented the house, who all died. It appears that the disease is invariably fatal.

The reading the different documents which accompanied the message excited in the chamber a lively sympathy for these unfortunates. The chamber, by a unanimous vote, granted 500*l.* to the executive to procure for these unfortunates the assistance of medicine, to separate those who are afflicted with this horrible malady from the other inhabitants, and to ameliorate the short span of existence which remains to the afflicted.

TICKET, No. 3.



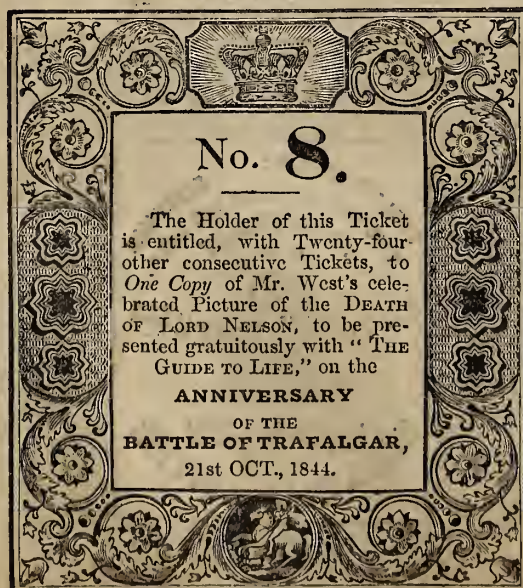
SNAKE FIGHT.—A gallant officer who was severely wounded at the sortie of Fort Erie, and died afterwards from the effect of his wound, while a representative from his native state in Congress, used to relate the following account of a battle which he once witnessed between a black and a rattlesnake. He was riding on horseback, when he observed the snakes in the road, a short distance ahead of him. They were moving round in a circle, and apparently following each other. A gentleman who was with the major, and who had witnessed a similar scene before, remarked that it was the prelude to a fight, and worthy of the loss of a little time to witness. They accordingly stopped their horses and watched the snakes. The cautious manœuvre of following each other, in a kind of circle, was pursued for some time, closing at each round, until, when within a few feet, the black snake was observed to stop, coil, and place himself in an attitude to strike. The rattlesnake now passed round his antagonist two or three times, lessening the distance at each round, when he also stopped and began to coil. But before he was ready to strike, the black snake suddenly darted upon him. His evolutions were too rapid to be detected, and when he was again distinctly observed, both snakes were stretched out at full length—the rattlesnake enveloped in the folds of the black, which had also seized the rattlesnake at the back of the head and held him there. After a short interval, the black snake gradually unfolded himself, loosened the grip with his mouth from the rattlesnake's head, and moved away. On examination, the rattlesnake was found to be dead, and apparently every bone in his body was crushed. The black snake is a constrictor, and usually destroys its prey by enfolding and crushing it.

R. B. SHERIDAN.—At one of the election dinners at Stafford (when his father was returned for that borough), Tom Sheridan was in earnest conversation with the gentleman who sat at table next him. The Mayor of Stafford, Mr. Hornton, an eminent shoe-manufacturer (the staple commodity of the town), presided, and, as a matter of course, gave a toast, "Prosperity to the manufacture of Stafford." This was not heard or attended to by Tom Sheridan, who continued his conversation; on which the chairman, in rather a dignified tone, exclaimed, "Mr. Tom Sheridan, I have proposed the toast of 'Prosperity to the manufacture of Stafford,' which you have utterly disregarded." Tom instantly turned, and imitating the pompous manner of the Mayor said, "Sir, may the manufacture of Stafford be trampled on by the whole world."

THE UTILITY OF A PINCH OF SNUFF.—A few days ago, as a gentleman was proceeding through Taunton, with a large Newfoundland dog, another animal of the same species came in contact with it, and a severe fight took place. No one could stop them; policemen, spectators, nor even the owner himself could part them. At last a sober old gentleman came by, took out his snuff-box, and watching his opportunity, administered to each dog pretty freely. The effect was instantaneous, both animals quitted their hold, and ran off as fast as possible.

MINIMUM OF WIT.—A gentleman being asked by a friend, "What it was o'clock?" replied, "Little or nothing." "How so?" asked the inquirer. "Why," said the wit, "it is not quite one, and that which is less than one must be little or nothing."

TICKET.



ESSENCE OF PUNCH.

WHAT IS A POUND?

"What is a pound?"
Exclaims the premier, looking round,
And tuncfully his accents sounded,
As, of a pound, that question he propounded.
"What is a pound?" again Sir ROBERT cries.
"It much depends," says PUNCH, "on where one buys."
A pound of sugar at some grocer's bought,
Is not a pound at all, but something short;
A tradesman oft, who of low prices bounces,
Deducts an ounce, while full weight he announces.
Who buys street cherries heavier made by dirt,
Will get what's literally his desert.
A pound to be a pound was never known,
Though every cherry weighs above a stone.
One naturally wonders whether,
There came into the premier's head,
The joke about a pound of feather
Being heavier than a pound of lead.
"What is a pound?" by Peel we're told
'Tis either silver or 'tis gold.
But there's a pound distinct from those,
As many a common donkey knows,
Who may perchance have patient stood,
Encircled by a pound of wood.

THE BANKING OF THE THAMES.—We understand that Sir Valentine Blake will bring forward, in connection with Sir R. Peel's resolutions on banking, the very interesting subject of the Banking of the Thames. Sir Valentine will, we believe, inquire whether the Thames will always keep a balance, and if so, how the tides may operate to render its transactions unsteady.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are learned ladies, generally, so remarkably plain?
—Because they are extra-ordinary.

UNANSWERABLE QUERIES.

Did you ever know an omnibus that was not "going to start immediately?"

Did you ever know a young lady who, when asked to sing, hadn't "such a cold?"

Did you ever see a cabman with an umbrella?

Did you ever hear of a Scotchman going back to his country?

Did you ever find a policeman when you wanted one?

Did you ever see a German fiddler with short hair?

Did you ever see a wine-merchant drink his own wine?

Did you ever go to a picnic without coming home wet through?

Did you ever know a doctor attempt to cure himself?

Did you ever see a Quaker at Greenwich Fair?

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—We regret to observe that the fountains here are exceedingly obstinate, for they will not work, and they do not play. This seems like a determination to do neither one thing nor the other. The water in the basins looked rather muddy, but it is said to be very good water in the main. We have been told that the funds are at low water-mark, which accounts for the water being all drained off, so that the funds may be looked for. There is a good deal of mystery about those basins, of which we are determined to get to the bottom—if the police do not interfere with us. Poor Nelson when he sung out his glorious old bit of claptrap about England expecting every man to do his duty, little thought how England would be disappointed, by the failure of one man (and one boy) to do the duty which would one day devolve upon them.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "Victory," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of THE GUIDE TO LIFE, are requested to give their immediate Orders for No. XII. to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not commencing during the present month of May

WILL BE ENTIRELY EXCLUDED

The benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, which is the furthest period the privilege will be extended.

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